

The Scholastic Year.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NOTRE DAME. DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

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Every Man the Architect of his own Fortune.

God, in the dispensation of His blessings, has given to every man ample opportunity for making his ascendancy in this world. To some He has given a full intellect, a mind endowed with every facility that is necessary for ascending the rugged hill of Science. To others He has extended talents of different kinds, by the proper use of which every man is enabled to surmount whatever obstacle may cross his path, and pass on in triumph to that goal of happiness which his fortitude well deserves. The grand doctrine that every human being has the means of *self* culture, of progress in knowledge and in virtue, of health and of happiness, is slowly taking its place as one of the highest social truths. It is an undoubted fact that every man is the possessor of a free will, and that it is either for him to put to their proper use those gifts which have been bestowed upon him, or forever remain in ignorance. Why then should not every one seize the golden opportunity which is offered to him, and shaking aloft his banner, Excelsior, haste onward to fame? It is the custom of some persons to ascribe the prosperity of others to the mere caprice of fortune, or "luck," as some are pleased to call it. They are mistaken; common sense will teach us, for it is a certain fact that success in our undertakings is generally the consequence of industry and perseverance; while on the other hand, disappointment is the consequence of indolence and sloth. Certainly it is a faulty and an indolent humility that makes people sit still and do nothing, for every one is capable of doing something. They who labor under this false illusion are generally they who, having been disappointed in some undertaking, give way to despair, and think there is no rise for them. They certainly have never weighed well the all-importance of those two words, *diligence* and *perseverance*, for in them are embodied the secret of their inability to accomplish their designs. Then, again, this despairing class have a tact of murmuring against

their Creator, and complaining about the unjust distribution of the good things of this earth. They should bear in mind the fact, that if they have chosen to indulge their humor and their taste in the gratifications of indolence and pleasure, can they complain because others in preference to them have obtained those advantages which belong to useful labors and honorable pursuits? They should remember that the world seldom ever turns wholly against a man unless it is through his own fault, and that diligence and industry, aided by temper and prudence, have always been found the surest roads to prosperity, and that when men fail to obtain a rise in this world it is generally owing to their having deviated from the rules of perseverance rather than to their having encountered insuperable barriers in their progress.

The Maker of all things, as I said before, has given nearly every man an intelligent and an immortal mind. To some, in addition to this great boon, He has also given, at their birth, an abundance of riches. Now tell me why it is that the rich man descends from the high position which he inherited at his birth to the most contemptible position on earth; while the poor man rises from the degrading pit in which he was born to the highest pinnacle of glory? The reason is simply this: One labors under the false impression that if he possesses wealth he also possesses knowledge, and that even if he does not know as much as some, what need he care? he possesses gold, and with gold he can buy anything! With this idea in his head, he plunges headlong into the follies of this world, and as he has never learned the meaning of wisdom and discretion, as a matter of course he soon finds himself a ruined man. The other, in the beginning of his existence, looks around in the hovel in which he was born and sees naught but poverty; he sees his mother dying before his eyes from care and over-exertion; he sees his little sister and younger brother, cold and crying for bread; he looks out upon the cold world and wonders in his young heart why it is

that others are living in the possession of all the good things of this earth, while they, the dearest ones on earth to him, are dying for want of bread. He soon learns the meaning of that word ambition; he knows by it alone he can rescue the loved ones from death. And he, too, launches forth into the world; but how different is his entering that sea of action from that of the sick man. He that is hereafter to be remembered as one of the world's greatest men, first begins by selling newspapers; little by little he hoards up the precious dimes, until at length he is enabled to rescue his friends from poverty. It is unnecessary to follow up the actions of his eventful career; suffice it to say that from the news-boy he ascends higher, higher, until at length he finds himself the possessor of riches, thousands of friends, and the respect and honor of the world.

Let us for a moment call back to our minds some of those self-made men whose great actions can never be forgotten. Can the memory of Isaac Newton ever fade? Echo answers no! How plainly did the poet Pope illustrate the great deeds of this great man in these simple lines:

Nature and nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said—*Let Newton be!*—and all was light!

Tell me, if you can, where is the master that could have taught Shakespeare, Franklin, Webster, or Washington. Did they not make themselves? Was it not through their own personal application that they received the honors they now hold? Never!—no, ten thousand times *never!*—can the memory of that man, so justly called the "Father of his Country," pass away! Thousands of years may pass by, and future generations may inhabit the country we now do, but still will the name of Washington retain all its pristine glory. Why is it that the very mention of the name of Washington sends a thrill of enthusiasm through the heart of every American? It is because they love him,—him to whom they are indebted for their Liberty, their happiness, their wealth.

Every man, in some respect, is the architect of his own health. Again let me draw a slight illustration of this fact. Two young men, at the age of twelve years, possess equally strong constitutions, and are equal in physical developments. Now let us pass over ten years of their lives and look at them again. We find that one of them has undergone a sad change since we saw him last. Can that shadow of a figure be the same young man of ten years ago? How changed! Those cheeks that were wont to

look so rosy, are hollow and wear a death-like paleness. Those eyes that were wont to sparkle with such brightness, are now sunken far into the head, and emit only a deathly look. Let us enquire into the meaning of this great change. If his past actions were allowed to speak they would tell a strange story about the debaucheries in which he spent his younger days. They would tell about the mid-night revelry in which he was the principal actor. They would tell about the wine-cup, and the thousand evils arising from its use. They would tell about the many nights he lay stretched across the side-walk, while the cold rain pattered down upon his drunken form. In a word, they would give a complete history of his awful life of sin. When we have known the history of his sinful life, we do not wonder to see him suffering the penalty of his wretched career. The other young man, as he has lived in accordance with the rules of temperance and virtue, we find enjoying fine health, and bidding fair to live many years to come in the enjoyment of the blessings of health.

To my fellow students of the First Grammar Class, I dedicate the remainder of my composition.

Around me I see many intelligent faces. Who knows, but some of those names which now belong to our First Grammar Class, may in hereafter days be enrolled beside the names of Washington, Webster and Franklin, as being the brightest stars of antiquity? You smile at the idea, but such a thing is not impossible; others, with less opportunities than are offered to you, have accomplished the identical same thing. Allow me to give you some little advice, and if this poor advice sends only one of you back to the Study-Hall with the resolution of improvement in study, I shall be amply rewarded, even if this resolution be only *pro tempore*. So "here goes." Young men! you whose precious privilege it still is to make life long by commencing its duties early—where lie your own welfare, your own honor, your own happiness? Do they not lie in your future course of life, which is to be governed by your own minds, your own hearts, and which your own hands are to fashion, as the temple is fashioned by the builder. The failure is all your own—dilate and expand your thoughts to some comprehension of its value. Adopt for your motto that old song: "Paddle your own canoe!" Never call on others when you meet a difficulty, it shows a want of confidence in one's self. Let all of you, therefore, early imprint in your minds that if you would be any thing, you must make

yourself. Always try your own strength—and try it effectually—before you call on others for aid. Always trust to the resources of your own mind. Always feel that there is nothing too hard for industry and perseverance to accomplish. Then, fellow class-mates, be up and acting: lay in a store of useful knowledge, adorn your mind with elegant literature, conduct your life by virtuous principles, and you will not fail to be loved and respected by all.

Before you there lies a vast field of ways by which you may become a great man. Grasp, then, the conception of your high destiny, your power to fulfil it is the choicest boon of Heaven. Time, in his onward course to eternity, awaits for no man. Then, seize the golden opportunity of the present, and unfurling to the breeze that golden emblem, Excelsior, haste onward up the rugged hill of science. And when you have topped the climax of your destiny, when you have passed in triumph over the many trials and misfortunes which impeded your onward course to fame, with what pride and complacency will you look back upon the difficulties you have overcome.

"To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by *honor*;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being *independent*!"

W. SPALDING.

Additional List of Students of Notre Dame.

DECEMBER 10.

William Sterling, Monroe, Michigan.

DECEMBER 17.

Wm. O'Brien, White Oak Springs, Wis.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Charles Clark, Denis Clark, Frank Crapser, George Dixon, J. H. Lecompte, H. Lenehan, Denis Maley, W. Nelson, T. O'Mahony and J. Rogers.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

H. Benoist, H. Beakey, E. Benoist, L. Botto, J. Crowley, J. Flanigen, H. Morgan, A. Murphy, F. Nicholas, C. O'Neill and J. Wilson.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Willie Hendricks, Thomas Selby, Martin Smyth, George Tobin, Wallace Templeton.

Honorable Mention.

The following students deserve honorable mention in the following classes:

Second Latin—For Translation.—J. Fitzharris and John Grogan.

For Theme.—John Fitzharris, John Grogan, James Cunnea, J. C. Keveny, Wm. McLain.

Third Latin—Jas. O'Reilly, Chas. Hibben, Rufus H. McCarthy, (Jr.)

Fourth Latin—For Diligence and Improvement.—Messrs. J. Rogers, F. Guthrie, W. Waldo, Geo. Dixon, Jas. Edwards and M. Mahony.

Fifth Latin—Improvement in Translation.—Jerome Campbell, Thomas Johnson, Wm. Spalding.

Improvement in Theme.—Dennis Clarke, Wm. Spalding, Jerome Campbell, H. P. Morancy.

Sixth Latin—First Division.—F. Ingersoll, Otis Walker, Ed. Walker, Robert Staley, Asa Wetherbec.

Second Division.—Joseph Hull, E. H. Ball, M. C. Peterson, W. B. Clarke, Benj. Heffernan, Dan. Eagan, Jeremiah Crowley.

Seventh Latin—R. J. Clark, J. Dickinson, Wm. Hayden, F. W. Pape, J. Watts, H. Lecompte.

Second Greek—James A. O'Reilly.

Third Greek—For Diligence and Improvement.—Messrs. W. McClune and W. Walker.

Fourth Greek—Improvement in Translation.—John Fitzharris, Chas. Hibben, Thos. Johnson.

Improvement in Theme.—Chas. K. Hibben.

Fifth Greek—Geo. Dixon, Wm. Campbell, Wm. Waldo, J. C. Keveny, Jas. Edwards.

Penmanship, Senior Department—The following is a list of the names, of the best writers, of the First Senior Penmanship Class:

Wm. P. Rhodes, Wm. Falke, John Gibbons, W. Cochrane, Albert Maierhoffer, Orne Templeton, R. V. Tillman, F. W. Pape, Milton O. Rees, J. J. Metzger and Wm. H. O'Donnell.

Penmanship, Senior Department, 2d Division—The names of the following gentlemen are especially deserving of honorable mention, for the progress exhibited in their monthly specimens:

T. O'Mahony, W. McWhirt, L. Reswick, Ivo Buddeke, Wm. Waldo, A. Hoffman, F. Holman, T. Cunnea, F. Crapser, Dennis Clarke, B. N. Granger, W. A. Stace, E. H. Ball, J. J. Sullivan, J. F. Rogers, M. S. Ryan, J. H. LeCompte and W. C. Nelson.

Penmanship, Junior Department—In addition to the names given for proficiency and improvement in this department, some weeks since, we suggest the names of the following young gentle-

men, as being worthy of special commendation, for neatness and improvement:

Neatness.—C. Walter, James B. Carroll, Louis McGinnis, J. H. O'Neill, C. Hutchings, T. M. Duvall, Thomas Batman, James McGrath, Thomas Lappin, C. Sage, Austin Cabel, F. Wing, Jerome Crevoisie, G. Rockstroh, Jerome Hurley, Martin Nolan, Louis Schneider, John Burns, John Murray, M. Welsh and J. Gillespie.

Improvement.—J. Crowley, J. McGinnis, T. Watson, Louis Card, John Doherty, C. Humbert, A. Trentman, J. Thompson, J. E. Lewis, A. Cella, J. H. Arrington, A. Hathaway, G. Butsch, James Christy, J. Klein, H. Johnson, Charles Adams, C. O'Neil, J. D. Waters and John Cash,

First Rhetorical Reading, Jr.—James J. Page, E. Walker, F. Ingersoll, H. Moody, J. F. Ryan, Jerome Hurley, Frank Tierney, R. Broughton, A. Wetherbee, W. Trout, James Sutherland, C. Sage, Wm. Dodge, Charles Dodge, E. Callighan, H. W. Dean, Andrew Mitchell, Austin Cabel, G. Bower, C. Hildebrand, Vincent Hackman, James Wilson, Joseph Roberts, W. Clark.

For Declamation—James J. Page, E. Walker, A. Wetherbee, Charles Dodge, George Bower, James F. Ryan, F. Ingersoll.

First Reading, Sr.—A. B. White, H. C. Schwab, George Warn, Wm. Hayden, Jno. Vocke, J. Mader.

Second Reading, Jr.—Jas. McGlynn, Peter Michels, A. Maierhoffer, Firmin Rozier, Thomas Watson.

Second Reading, Jr.—E. Morancy, Chas. Sage, John Burns, John N. Ryan, F. Clerget, Joseph Schmelz, C. Ennis.

Third Reading, Jr.—C. O'Neil, H. Morgan, J. Rumley, A. Hathaway, G. Rockstroh, William McGrath.

First Catechism.—D. Egan, G. Warren, Jas. Wilson, Philip Cochrane, J. McHugh.

MR. EDITOR:—On last Monday evening I had the great pleasure of attending a delightful entertainment, in the College parlor, by the St. Joseph Musical Association. Had I been a stranger, and not known that this Association has been organized but two weeks, and that it was their first performance, I certainly would not have been so very much surprised as I was; but under these circumstances the ability and taste displayed, in the execution of some pretty difficult music, was far beyond, what any one could naturally expect.

The Association is composed of fourteen

young musicians, under the direction of Prof. J. O'Neill. Mr. J. Watts officiates as Leader of the new Orchestra.

The pieces which seemed to give most general satisfaction were: The solo (from Norma) by J. Watts; Solo (from the Bohemian Girl) by A. G. Hoffman, (Piano), C. Hertich's violin solo with Piano accompaniment, by J. H. Le Compte, (this was loudly encored). C. Hertich's song, with violin accompaniment by himself, was highly appreciated. Next came Mr. J. O'Reilly, who, though not a member of the Orchestra, generously consented to add to the evening's enjoyment, by a tastefully executed piece on the piano, for which the members render him their hearty thanks.

The members of this Association are as follows:

J. W. Watts, 1st Violin; C. Hertich, Viola; R. V. Tillman, Violin; E. Donhoff, Violin; J. Mulhall, Violin; P. Weaver, Flute; A. Hoffman, Cornet and Piano; H. Lecompte, Cornet and Piano; Bro. Joseph, Piccolo; E. Pillars, Clarinet; Ivo Buddeke, French Horn; Geo. Yeakel, French Horn; N. S. Wood, Trombone; R. Akin, Violoncello; C. Dickinson, Contrebase.

"TERPIKERAUNOS."

HINTS ON EPISTOLARY STYLE.—In business letters be brief. If you need only four words do not imagine that you should use a hundred for politeness' sake. It would oblige your correspondent to answer you in the same lengthy style. One can be very polite with very few words. Three letters on the same business might be couched as follows: Sir—You will receive, on the 10th of August, prox., the three volumes asked by your letter of the 6th inst. Yours, M. Or, Sir: I have the honor to inform you that on the 15th of September you will receive the four volumes which you had the kindness to ask from our firm by your letter, dated, etc. Your devoted servant.

This second letter is only one line longer than the first; it says the same thing in a more polite form. The third letter might be as follows: Sir: I have received the letter which you wrote me on the —, asking —. I must inform you that I have paid due attention to this business, and from the orders which I have given, I am justified in saying that you will receive without fail the volumes you desired, on the 20th inst. Your very humble servant, —.

This form is verbose, and should be avoided. It is an excellent practice to reply immediately to

letters received. Many reasons demand it. 1st. The facility which it gives in making the reply. 2d. The danger of forgetting something important demanded by your correspondent, especially if you have lost his letter, exactness of details being of the greatest importance in business matters. 3d. The carelessness to which leads the delay in answering letters. Hence so many evils resulting from the due want of attention to correspondents, coolness between relations and friends, differences between merchants, losses of opportune occasions, of money, etc. However, there are circumstances demanding slowness and considerate delay in responding. When the feelings have been roused, irritated unjustly by an impertinent letter, let the wounds be healed and all bitterness be calmed before sending an answer. Perhaps the impertinent letter was only so in appearance, and it may not have been understood properly; perhaps, also, it came during a fit of ill-humor, and a quick answer might be a regrettable blunder; better wait a few hours;—wait until the morrow; even consult a friend, and do yourself honor in answering.

Many persons act, in writing their letters, with the same levity and shallowness of thought as they do in their usual conversation. They begin the first words without thinking of what they are about. Hence, wearisome digressions, obscurities, subjects half treated, badly depicted, here thrown aside, there resumed in new colors; a patch work covering four pages, when one page would have been sufficient. Let it be well understood, that the fine letters of famous writers, letters which appear at first sight easy productions, have been pondered over and meditated. Such a letter, compassed within six lines, is the result of an hour's serious consideration. Its idea has been sought, its plan composed and laid out, its style elaborated. It is true, this is not always the case, and an excellent and faultless letter may also be written at the first attempt, but this is not safely resorted to, and one must not imagine that verbosity is the criterion of facility. Whatever may be your hurry to send off your letter, be careful to read it over, for even in the shortest letters it is not of uncommon occurrence to see a word omitted, or perhaps a comma, on which the sense of a sentence may depend. Those very ones who neglect to pay such attention to details, are precisely those who ought to be the most vigilant.

Let your signature be always written very legibly, and if you add your first name to your family name, write it entire, for so many names

begin by the same initials, that the first letter will neither tell whether you are James or John, a gentleman or a lady.

The address of the writer should be complete at the top of the page. This should be done in every letter, unless you have particular reasons to believe your correspondent is well informed with regard to your residence. It frequently happens that our letters remain unanswered for days and weeks, that we complain of carelessness or disregard, when we alone are to be blamed.

If your hand-writing is poor, and difficult to read, go to the trouble of writing legibly and distinctly, at least the names of the *persons* and *places*. With a great deal of patience in reading a letter badly written, one may detect the general sense when he is assisted by the proper names but no amount of labor will make him discover the sense of a letter in which the important words are scribbled illegibly.

Let the directions on your envelope be the object of your particular attention, and forget nothing that can serve to forward your letter to its destination. The number of a house, the name of the street, or the number of the box of your correspondent, must be mentioned. It is also obligatory when sending a letter into the country, to state the Post Office and the County.

When you write several letters, do not wait until you have finished them all, before writing their address, otherwise you might send under one an address the letter which belonged to another, and ludicrous mistakes would be the consequence of your carelessness.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY, }
Dec. 16th, 1867. }

ARRIVALS.

Dec. 12th.—Miss Martha Sterling, Monroe, Michigan.

TABLES OF HONOR.

Senior Department.—Misses K. Doran, Mary Toomey, L. and L. Tong, M. Ball, Mary Caraher, N. Ogle, Arvada Bragg, Mary Claffey, Bridget Bergan, L. Ingersoll, Mary Lassen.

Junior Department.—Misses Emma Ruger, M. Toberty, Amanda Sissons, Clara Ward, Julia Walker.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Graduating Class.—Misses Mary Tripp, L. Murray, Blanche Walton, Florence Alsbaugh, K. Connelly.

First Senior Class.—Misses Nora Maher, Emma Longsdorf, K. Cunnea, Laura Lewis, K. Livingston, Anna Machin, Mary Van Patten, Genevieve Arrington, Eunice Crouch.

Second Senior Class.—Misses Alice Carmody, Anna Cunnea, Emma Carr, K. Young, M. and L. Chouteau, Rosana Mukautz, Virginia Brown, Mary Morrill, Mary Miller, Minerva Ryan, Frances Gittings, Anastasia Darcy, Mary Druliner, Sarah Teetzel, Josephine Service, L. McMauman.

Third Senior Class.—Misses Lorena Rettig, M. McColley, M. McCarthy, G. and S. Blakeslee, Emma Ranstead, L. Ryan, N. Thompson, Mary Dunn, E. and S. Miller, Josephine Grieshop, K. Carpenter, Matilda Lafferty, Christina Thompson, Emma Conan, K. Jarvis, Clara Foote, Mary Wade, Julia Murray.

First Intermediate Class.—Misses Anna Tarrant, Ellen Cooney, Augusta Sturgis, Ellen Lindsay, L. Bicknell, Julia and Rose Gittings, Rose Joslin, Mary Rooney, Clara Casteeter, Harriet Thompson, M. and L. Cummerford, Ida Duval, Amelia and Anna Boyles.

First Junior Class.—Misses Mary Sissons, M. O'Meara, Mary Clark, C. North.

Third Junior Class.—Little Katie Foreman.

FESTIVAL.

On Tuesday, Dec. 10th, the Chapel of Loretto was tastefully adorned in honor of the translation of the Holy House of Loretto, as this event was commemorated by the Church on that day. The little Chapel at St. Mary's is built exactly on the model of the original, and endowed by Pope Pius IX, with the same privileges, and on this account the day was one of no ordinary interest at St. Mary's. Mass was celebrated there, and the instruction devoted to the narration of the history of the holy dwelling of our Savior, and its miraculous removal, to escape the impious treatment of the Saracens. Authentic proof was given to establish the claims of the identity of the House at Loretto near Rome, and the one formerly located at Nazareth in Syria; and the honor in which it has been held for many centuries by the great and good was held up as an example worthy of imitation.

In the evening the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, and further interesting facts were narrated respecting the Sacred walls wherein the mystery of human redemption took place.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS'.

Attention and thought are now all concentrated upon the holidays. Many of the young ladies

are to pass the joyful season at home with their parents, while the large majority will remain to celebrate their Christmas and New Years' at St. Mary's. Boxes are expected, and the great event after midnight Mass, namely, the denuding of the Christmas Tree, is exciting the anticipations of the children, and the industry of the committee of ways and means appointed by his marvelous Lordship, the great Santa Claus. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year are plainly read on the faces of all we meet.

ADVICE.

On Sunday evening, at Vespers, after the close of the usual instructions, Very Rev. Father Provincial imparted excellent advice to those young ladies who are to pass the holidays at home. Beside many salutary remarks upon points of good deportment, he charged all to carry home with them the evidence of having profited by their absence to improve in every way. Respect, obedience and love to parents he inculcated as the most stringent duty incumbent upon a child, and recommended all to observe this obligation at all times.

He mentioned the frequent habit of gormandizing on festival occasions, and painted the custom in its true light, as degrading, and beneath the dignity of a wise child, not that he feared that any present would indulge in any thing so disgusting, but that they might be impressed with the noble character of the event to be celebrated, and regard it before any mere common enjoyment, etc.

When the holidays are over, every pupil is exhorting to return to the Academy immediately after New Years'. If prompt to return, the week's recreation will be of great benefit. If tardy, the progress of the whole session may be entirely dissipated, or improvement greatly abridged.

HOLIDAY ADDRESS.

On this day, sweet friends, remember,
At our Infant Saviour's feet;
Gentle kings adoring gathered,
King of Earth and Heaven to greet;
Thus were Christmas festive seasons
Made the jubilee for all:
Thus in truth the Gentile's New Year
On Epiphany doth fall;
For His birth, His circumcision
And the Magi's gifts of cheer,
Are but three resplendent portals
To the happy Christmas year.

Then we wish you Happy New Year,
Happy New Year, friends most dear;
Joy and mirth, and every blessing
Through the bright and livelong year!

May the mornings dawn with pleasure,
 Every moment graces hold,
 Every evening prove a treasure
 Richer than a mine of gold:
 For we wish you Happy New Year!
 Happy New Year, friends most dear;
 And that peace, and thrift, and plenty,
 Rest upon our land this year.

Long ago, years eighteen hundred—
 Eighteen hundred sixty-eight,
 In the land of far Judea,
 Came there to the Temple gate,
 With her Babe upon her bosom,
 Fairest mother ever seen,
 On the world's first New-Years morning
 With her rare and gentle mien;
 And her child she there presented,
 In compliance with her law,
 And that child was God incarnate:
 Earth ne'er so sweet offering saw.

'Twas the little Infant Jesus,
 In His Mother's pure embrace,
 And in honor of that New Year,
 We keep memory of their grace;
 Doth it not befit us truly,
 With our joy, and love, and mirth,
 E'er to think each Happy New Year,
 Of the Saviour of the earth?
 For it was by His obedience
 E'en to die upon the cross,
 We were given these happy New Years,
 And were saved from endless loss.

Then we wish you Happy New Year!
 Happy New Year, friends most dear;
 So that we may all remember
 God has blest the Christian year,
 With the kneeling saintly magi,
 We our gift of love unfold;
 Knowing that the Heavenly Infant
 This will prize, far more than gold,
 Calm adoring where He slumbers,
 Make we votive offering here
 And though humble is our proffer,
 May it hail a glad New Year.

St. MARY's, Dec. 18th.

THE PLEASURES OF THE MIND THROUGH THE MEDIUM OF SIGHT.

The first and most endearing pleasures of this nature to a Christian and a Child of Mary, as it appears to me, are the demonstrations in honor of the Blessed Virgin, especially those of the month of May, which is dedicated to her in a particular manner.

There is certainly nothing more pleasing to the eye, than the exquisite beauty with which her Altars are decorated during this month of spring, fragrance and bloom, and nothing more conducive to devotion, than this method of representing the most complete virtue that can ever exist. On the shrines of Mary we behold lights and

flowers, emblematic of intelligence and grace, and we feel that their brilliancy is but a faint shadow of the splendors and sweetness with which she is actually surrounded. The Lily, the Rose and the Violet, are her chosen blossoms as they utter the language of her three favorite virtues, purity, charity and humility. The spotlessness of the Lily, and its upright regal grace, thrill the heart with emotions that are indescribable: they remind us of perfections above those of a merely human origin. Complete sinlessness alone defines its language. Mary, alone, of all human beings was free from sin, and with this explanation we understand why the Lily is by excellence the flower of the Blessed Virgin. The Rose with its rich glow and fragrance, expresses with an eloquence beyond that of speech, that charity and love for the human race which she entertains. It is the Queen of Flowers. She is the Queen of Heaven; and looking upon the Rose with this reflection, even that flower so universally admired acquires an additional loveliness.

While passing through the forest we behold at our feet a little blossom, fresh and beautiful. By its sweet odor it attracts our attention. It is the dear little Violet, the symbol of humility. Late in the fall, early in the spring; opening under the snows as well as beneath the scorching rays of the Dog-star of summer, it is constant, unostentatious and rich in perfection. In describing this flower we pronounce the eulogium of, and portray the features of humility, that trait which was the foundation and support of all beauty in the character of Mary, and no one can be surprised at the fact that we feast our vision on the charms of her Altars.

Another great pleasure derived through the medium of the eyes, is the aspect of a cheerful home circle when all are united by a bond of unselfish love. What satisfaction is experienced when an *entire* family are assembled around the fireside. Pardon the expression, an "entire family," but alas few are to be found of this description. Where is the home circle uninvaded? Death, perhaps, has made its cruel inroads there. One has gone far away to seek his fortune; another is at home beneath the roof of a stranger. The vocation to a religious life, has led the heart and destinies of another, and so all homes are shadowed over by thoughts of the absent and the dear.

But let us join the unbroken circle. The parents are enjoying the innocent plays of the children, who are amusing themselves with toys

or the gambols of some pet animal, perhaps. Chatting and pleasant games take up the first part of the evening, when the parents may desire to close the day with enjoyments of a nature more grave.

One of the daughters is requested to sing a social air, or to perform some lively instrumental piece of music, and all are delighted. The music turns attention to the arts, and instructive conversation is introduced. The relative merits of the eminent composers are discussed. Bach, Mozart, Haydn and Mendelssohn, are presented to the admiration of the children, and events of their lives related. The rich paintings on the walls must suggest memories of the great artists, as Michael Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo Da Vinci, Correggio, Murillo, Velasquez, and Guido of the past, and those of more modern date, as Arye Shafer, Champin, and others are introduced to the delighted and wondering listeners. Passages are read from their histories, while their painting are admired; then handsome volumes of the distinguished poets are brought from the well-assorted library, and Dante, Tasso, Milton, Longfellow, Tennyson and Whittier, are laid under contribution to complete the pleasures of the evening. With prayer the day is ended. They retire and our pleasant picture is removed. The evening spent in intellectual enjoyment, has familiarized the children with names that the world delights to honor, and we are made better by the scene we have witnessed.

LAURA M. TONG.

THOUGHT.

This is a word compounded of few letters, but nevertheless it implies something of great importance, and though we would laugh at one who pretended not to know its meaning, few seem to comprehend it, yet without thought nothing can be accomplished. Be the action good or evil, the amount of consideration bestowed on it is the measure of the danger in the one case, or of the benefit in the other. The robber and the assassin plan their villainy beforehand. The philanthropist and the saint reflect upon the best methods of relieving misfortune, and of doing good to others.

Thought may be called the carrier-dove of the soul. Its flight far outstrips the speed of the swiftest vessel gliding over the waves of the sea, or even of the lightning darting through the heavens. Thought too is a wonderful magician, who can convey us in a moment to the bosoms of our families when we are absent thousands of

miles, and causes us to join in and partake of their pleasures. It enables us to recall past events, and those of our infancy and childhood are vividly presented to our view. By the same power we can converse with our friends of times long past away, and with those we hope to meet in some fair scene of the future.

Thought scales the heavens, and consults the numberless stars, and by the aid of the Telescope, enables us to comprehend mysteries too intricate for the imagination to conceive.

'Tis thought alone ennobles life. The thoughtful man enters the forest in autumn. The branches of the trees have rejected their foliage. The landscape has lost its verdure. The ground is covered with dead leaves. Every thing around is impressive and interesting. He recalls the summer time and draws the contrast, instinctively comparing life to the revolution of the seasons, and numerous ideas are suggested, but the uneducated and trifling will see nothing to admire, and will think only of promoting his own physical comfort. He sees the grove around him, and wishes that "clump of trees" were near his house to protect him from the cold winds of the coming winter. The dry nuts fall at his feet, and he thinks only of the pleasure of eating them, and of the cake and cider they remind him of. He sees the radiant sun arise from behind the silver colored clouds. He does not mind them for the clouds and the sun are not good to eat, drink or wear, therefore, he discovers no utility in them, but his educated and thoughtful neighbor experiences more pleasure in these, than he could at the most sumptuous feast. He draws a parallel between the sun, the source of light and heat, and God, the Author of all grace and blessings. He beholds the little squirrel gliding from tree to tree and collecting nuts for his winter store. He admires the Providence bestowing upon so insignificant a little creature the instinct to protect him from starvation, and he feels that the Infinite Power which confers mechanical skill upon the beaver and the bee, for the purpose of supplying their respective wants, will not forget the rational demands of creatures formed but a "little lower than the angels." He is inspired with sentiments of faith and confidence in God. It is the man of thought alone who is capable of appreciating the great advantages to be derived from its cultivation, for thought is in truth, the source of all solid happiness.

LIZZIE M. TONG.

ST. MARY'S, Dec. 19th, 1867.